Toney's Soliloquies.

To the Tune of Dagons Fall. *Or the* Lamentation of a Bad Market.

WHen the *Plot* I first invented, *I* was raviſht in conceit,
To ſee its Frame ſo well cemented, Varniſh'd over with Deceit.
It was an Infant of my Spirit, Nay, the Darling of my Soul,
If its contrivance be a Merit, By *Jove* the *C---er* did well Boul.

II.

For to give this *Engine* Motion, To arrive where it did tend,
I fill'd the Vulgar ears with 'Notions, and Goſpel of my *Oaten Friend*;
I antedated all Tranſactions, Diſtinguiſht Stiles of *New* and *Old*,
In the State I made ſuch Fractions; Some I Bought, and ſome I Sold.

III.

The *Mobile* I ſo diſtemper'd, With the Magick of my *Care*,
None but wou'd his Soul have ventur'd, Where brave *Tony* bore a Share;
Have I not in Abomination Held the *Miter* and *Lawn Sleeves*,
And Itcht at a ſecond Sequeſtration, To pull down ſuch *Ghoſtly Theeves*.

IV.

Have I not Taught the *Sanhedrim* to Imperate, and not Obey?
Th'had *Genuflections* done to them, which men to Crowned Heads do pay.
Then would I Barter for Repeal o'th' Five and Thirtieth of Q. *Beſs*,
To make a way for a *Commonweal*, (the Centre of our Happineſs.)

V.

How many hot and high Debates, in favour of th' *Excluſive Bill*,
I bandy'd twixt the two Eſtates, th'effects of my depraved will!)
By Subornation, to the Block I brought, a Loyal Noble Peer;
And truſted others to that Lock, which coſt my *Buck* and me ſo dear.

VI.

In fine, poor preſſigated Wretch, for to indulge my Minion Spight,
My Seared Conſcience I did ſtretch, and did *Old Rowley's* Guards Indict.
I did eſpouſe all Wickedneſs, and only lov'd what's purely Evil;
In that alone was my exceſs; Then take thy own *Aſſociate, Devil.*

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